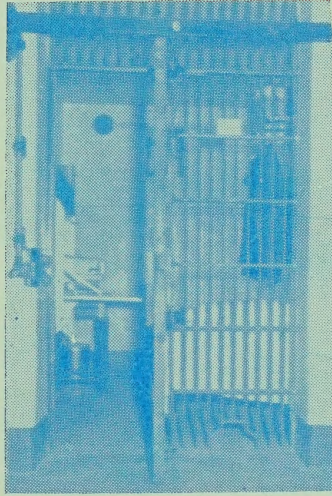


CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY
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MOUNTAIN ECHOES



Thanksgiving '55

October

1955

*It Pays
to Shop at*

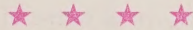
**EATON'S
OF CANADA**

**THROUGH THE
MAIL ORDER
CATALOGUES**

A. H. CAMPBELL

Warden

MOUNTAIN ECHOES is published by the inmates of Manitoba Penitentiary with the kind permission of Major-General R. B. Gibson, Commissioner of Penitentiaries. It is desired to provide inmates with an opportunity for self-expression and a medium for discussion of public problems, to serve for the promotion of useful thought and activity within the institution.



No articles of a scurrilous or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice, will be published. Any views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration.

Concerning this issue . . .

No article or feature on Thanksgiving Day was forthcoming from any of our writers for this issue, but the Day with its meaning is lived and felt by prisoners rather than just imagined as free people are apt to do. By this we mean that too many of us take things for granted until one day we have to atone for our carelessness; then we find there was so much we had to be thankful for but didn't because we believed the world owed us a living. Now we know what they mean when they say 'you can only take out what you put in'.

Let us be thankful for our small blessings and try to help those who are less fortunate than us. That is the real meaning of Thanksgiving, which should be shared every day of the year, not only on one.

Some of our readers will be wondering why we haven't been printing pictures in this and the previous issue. Well folks, it's a long story with only one meaning. Money—or rather, the lack of.

Although we have been very fortunate to date in having some nice people show an interest in our project, and send us necessary line-cuts and material to help us along, pictures are a horse of a different color. About the only photos that readers want to see in the *Echoes*' pages are scenes showing the different shops, guys, and life in general.

Nothing would give us greater pleasure than to be able to run at least half-a-dozen pic's every month. The adage that 'one picture is better than ten thousand words' is a constant nagging reminder to every printing plant that can't produce and doubly so to the *Echoes*'—as we could produce—if.

The cost of having half-a-dozen pictures photo-engraved is (for us) too much right now for photos to be guaranteed in every issue for awhile. Thankfully, we note that our subscribers are increasing steadily and the future looks rosier, but the readers are entitled to know why no pics' at present. Another thing: two-thirds of the entire inmate population here are now receiving a free copy every issue, and as we increase our mailing list, the other third will have one of their own also. Breaking even is our aim, not showing a profit.

So please, folks, as you have been patient in the past, we ask you to bear with us now. Whenever we have enough of the green stuff in our account, pictures will be forthcoming. If you are impatient and want to see them right away, well then, please send us along a few more subscribers' names and we'll gladly accede to your requests.

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Mountain Echoes

October

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No. 2.

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Editorial page

Share the benefits (?)

Effective Sept 1st., a 40-hour work-week was started for Canadian civil servants. This action, on the part of our country's leaders, is a praiseworthy one indeed as it now brings civil service on a more equal footing with private industry.

The Dept. of Justice, Penitentiaries branch, will welcome the new hours for many reasons, one of the foremost being that they have long-sought competent, qualified men for prison employment but, due to the long hours involved, few cared for this type of work. The new hours should decide this for them. Now, all that's left for the government to do is to see if there is any way that the inmates can share is this blessing, and that shouldn't be hard to do.

Mail from home

The greatest single source of happiness that an incarcerated person has (apart from a visit) is in receiving mail from home. His whole dreary existence is brightened, and life becomes more bearable just because someone was thoughtful enough to send him a few lines. It's easy to tell when someone in here is receiving mail regularly and often, as his time and bearing itself testify to a more contented person than those who get no letters at all, or only the odd one at widely spaced intervals.

If you have someone dear to you that is behind walls, help him. Help him during one of life's darkest periods by using the mail to keep him informed of how his loved ones are. Honest, you won't regret doing it.

Making the best of the worst

Amongst inmates, a silent but grudging admiration is bestowed upon those who either continue or renew their academic studies. Not every one who enrolls for a course succeeds, but, even if he fails in points, he wins in the battle against idleness and unhealthy thoughts that are always ready to assume control of an idle mind. Education is a treasure to be shared by anyone interested enough to help himself.

WANTED!

WANTED—NEW IDEAS!

MAYBE YOU HAVE THE RIGHT SOLUTION



NEW



System for Paroles

By A. Karchesky

For a good number of years now, those who are interested in a new system for granting Tickets of Leave (Paroles) to prison inmates, have heard and read a great many words in all types of publications on the subject. And yet today, after years of this sort of thing, nothing has been accomplished. A new system is certainly overdue, as the present one is out-dated and obsolete.

It seems that all those who are appointed to study and make recommendations on the present parole system (and make the necessary improvements to it) always seem to have the urge for travelling. They must go to England, France, the U.S.A. and a number of other countries to see what can be found there that would be suitable to our penal system, or that would be applicable to our present method in granting paroles. Yet, not one of those who are to study, report and make recommendations on the present system ever take the trouble of looking in their own backyard for possible

ideas. Why go from country to country when we have everything right here at home?

The mode of living in other lands is entirely different from ours, as are the penal problems. Therefore, those countries haven't much to offer that would be any improvement on the ideas submitted by our own countryman, and the cost of all that travelling could be put to better use.

For a change, let's look about us and see if we can't come up with a worthwhile system made up from Canadian ideas; a system that would be completely Canadian. It's high time this country stopped playing follow-the-leader and showed the rest of the world how mature and capable it is in dealing with one of its most serious problems. Surely there is no need for this nation to have others do its thinking for it! We have no need to copy the ideas of other nations, in whole or in part. There are enough competent men about us who know the answers to

the penal problems of today, so why go abroad for assistance?

The men most concerned regarding tickets-of-leave are naturally enough, the inmates of Canada's prisons. Yet, they are totally ignored when it comes to submitting ideas. Did it ever occur to anyone that possibly the inmates themselves are capable of devising a plan whereby a fair and suitable method for paroles would result?

Under the present set-up, when an inmate applies for leave to write for a ticket-of-leave, he must fill in an application form. The form is simple in it's construction, but some of the questions asked are almost impossible for an inmate to answer. That is, if he intends to answer all the questions truthfully. For instance; one of the questions asks the inmate to give the name or names of relatives or friends who are able and willing to assist him upon his release. The answer should be as easy and simple as the question itself seems reasonable, but in all truth, such is not the case.

The reason why it is so difficult for an inmate to answer that simple query is because no prison inmate is allowed to keep in direct contact with former friends—unless special permission is first obtained—just as special permission must be secured for an inmate to correspond with certain relatives, such as in-laws, uncles, nieces, etc. etc. It is easy to ask for that special permission to write and keep in touch with family and friends, but it so happens that it is also involving these people in a

great deal of red tape.

As illogical as it may seem, few inmates care to have the R.C.M.P. call upon their relatives and friends to be investigated. No matter how much care is taken or how smooth the interview, neighbors soon find out about it one way or another, and most inmates do not wish to have further shame or disrespect shown to dear ones. When an inmate is forced to have people go through this kind of investigation, he usually elects to forget the whole thing. Therefore, he also forfeits his chance—if any—of securing employment upon his release.

There is no valid reason whatsoever for this investigation. Each penitentiary has a staff of censors; these men read all the incoming and outgoing mail between prisoners and their families. There is not one single item of correspondence but what has to pass through the censor's office, so isn't security's strictest meaning being upheld at all times?

After a man has spent many long years in prison, cut off from all his former friends and associates, is it reasonable to assume that he could use their names for references, or as possible sources of help when he gets out? It is the sad experience of this writer to have lost forever the friendship of some business people and owners; when the need for them is greatest, they are lost beyond recall.

It is particularly difficult for those who are serving long terms and who have no relatives. They have no one

at all to whom they write for assistance and so must depend entirely upon their own resources, and it is a well known fact that an inmate with relatives and friends working for him on the "outside" has a much better chance of being granted a parole than a "friendless orphan."

The person who has no family or friends is just as good a risk as any other sort however, because he knows he must depend entirely upon himself. He must use his own knowledge and ability at all times and thus becomes more confident and self-reliant without being a burden to anyone. This alone makes him a good prospect for complete reform.

It is small details of this sort that should be given more thought when paroles are being considered. True, there may be a certain amount of prejudice on the part of the inmate when expressing his opinion, but, is

there no prejudice now from those who are on the other side of the inmate?

To help create a new, fair and unbiased system for granting Tickets-of-Leave, you need not have served time in prison, nor have relatives or acquaintances in prison at the moment. The fact that you are strictly neutral should help in forming an impartial, constructive and modern program that is urgently required.

If you want to learn more on the subject, you have only to send a few cents along with your request for copies of "The Penitentiary Act" and "Ticket of Leave Act", Queen's Printer, Ottawa. When your copies reach you, relax, read and study them, and then see if possibly you, a Canadian, can formulate a plan whereby all inmates in all prisons benefit from the ideas of a home-brew, right from our own backyard.

Seven Wonders of the Ancient World

Pyramids of Egypt—Built from 3000 B.C. to 1800 B.C., the pyramids were the monumental tombs of Egyptian pharaohs—**Hanging Gardens of Babylon**—Built about 600 B.C. by Nebuchadnezzar for his queen; there were 5 terraces, one above the other—**Phidias Statue of Zeus**—Built of marble, and decorated with ivory and beaten gold, made by Phidias around 430 B.C.—**Temple at Ephesus**—The temple of Artemis was built about 5 B.C. by Ionian cities and became shrine. It was 425 by 225 ft., and had 127 columns of Parian marble, each 60 ft. high—**Tomb of Mausolus**—Built by the widow of Mausolus about 325 B.C.. The British Museum possess fragments of this—**Colossus of Rhodes**—Erected about 280 B.C., this was a bronze statue of Apollo, standing 100 feet high, destroyed by earthquake—**Pharos at Alexandria**—Built about 200 B.C., this was a lighthouse built on the island of Pharos. It was dedicated to sailors by King Ptolemy.

A composition,
written by a twelve-year-old,
shows remarkable insight and study

ON THE *Educational* SIDE

By J. D. Weir
Teacher-Librarian

Those of us who spend the greater portion of our time with adults often tend to lose contact with youth. The more distant our own childhood and youth become, the greater is the gap in our understanding of what young people really think; of their hopes and ideals, of their conception of their place and their responsibilities in the world of tomorrow.

Not long ago I came across this prize essay entitled "MY HOPES FOR CANADA" written by a twelve year-old Ontario schoolboy. His was the winning effort in a contest sponsored by the Toronto Daily Telegram. I was impressed by the clear thinking and vision shown by this grade VII student and felt that the subscribers of the ECHOES' would enjoy reading it. Consequently, I have asked the editor to publish the essay in its entirety.

Incidentally, the young lad's reward for this composition was a

thirty-eight thousand mile world tour. He chose his school teacher to be his companion on this trip.

MY HOPES FOR CANADA

Since the early days, starting with John Cabot, Canada has been a land of peoples' hopes. It took courage and the lives and strength of many races to develop our country to its greatness of today. We owe a lot to such people as Champlain, Radisson, Lord Selkirk, Simon Fraser, John Graves Simcoe, Sir Wilfred Laurier, and Sir John A. MacDonald. Their hopes and aims are now reality.

We boys and girls, so we are told, are Canada's hope for the future. If Canada is to grow greater it will be through the thoughts and actions of its future citizens. We, too, like our ancestors, must have high aims for our country.

My main hopes for Canada are peace and understanding with other countries. If we succeed in getting

these things: wealth; great development; knowledge and humility will naturally follow.

To obtain these aims we must learn to practice such things as industry, respect for the rights of others, and brotherly love; at school, on the playground and in our homes. In this way we shall become good citizens, fit to live in this wonderful country; Canada.

We must not just think about these aims, we must do the things we aim at. We must not quit when tasks become difficult. Did Columbus quit? Did Alexander Mackenzie turn back when all his followers became terror stricken?

We should see the other fellow's viewpoint and respect his opinion as well as his property. In our games,

in our studies, and in our homes, we must learn to give as well as take. A bright smile and a helping hand will make friends for us and lead to good understanding.

Canada is young. She is rich in natural resources. We can be proud of our ancestors who made her great. We are proud of our pioneers, our statesmen, our servicemen and our scientists. Will Canada be proud of us?

Our responsibility is very great, but if we are true to our ideals, Canada need not be ashamed of our efforts. And so my hopes and prayers for my country are peace and happiness—which are the greatest things any nation can possess.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

Congratulations!

The students mentioned below successfully completed extra-mural courses during the past month. We think they have made a creditable showing, more especially when one considers that these fellows finished their courses and wrote their final examinations during the summer vacation period.

6996	P.E. Saito	Horticulture
7123	L. Johnston	Elementary Arithmetic
7134	W. Boschman	"
7074	R.E. Young	"
7073	M. Buck	Introductory Mathematics
6931	A. Redsky	"
6634	G. Mombourquette	Mathematics A

What is A.A.?

By Steve S.

Although Alcoholics Anonymous is universally known, many people do not comprehend the principles of the organization. Many believe that religion is what A.A. has to offer, while others who know the good work being done by the numerous A.A. groups shy away because of the fear that friends or business associates might ostracize a person known to be afflicted with the disease "alcoholism".

In the first place, Alcoholics Anonymous is not a religious organization. It is, instead, a group of men and women afflicted with a problem common to them who have united to fight that affliction. They are people who admit they are compulsive drinkers—are powerless over alcohol—and cannot ever expect or hope to live normal lives if they do drink.

This does not mean that A. A. members are dedicated to prohibiting alcoholic beverages. On the contrary, they take no part in such controversial matters as prohibition or the non-control of alcoholic beverages. Their attitude is: if you can drink and control your drinking and you wish to continue drinking, then good luck to you. Many staunch A. A. members, in fact, keep a

bottle or two in the house for friends who are social drinkers. But the A. A. members, on the other hand, will go to any length to aid those who need and want help.

The doors of A.A. are open to men and women of all creeds and color. The agnostic or the atheist is also welcome as is the minister or priest. The only requisite for joining a group is a sincere desire to stop drinking. I say sincere, because the program hinges on the words sincerity and honesty. He who is sincere and honestly tries cannot fail to 'make the program'.

There are few hard and fast rules in A. A. The program is deliberately kept simple. And though meeting procedures may vary in different localities, stress is placed on the message of the Twelve Steps, not on protocol. The Twelve Steps and the Twelve Traditions are taught, explained thoroughly and debated in the most informal groups.

Members are not forced to participate in meeting discussions, but very few do not sooner or later give their views and personal experiences. Men have been known to attend meetings steadily for two or three years without saying a word, but such instances are rare.

"Easy does it" is the key phrase of A.A. philosophy. The 'serenity prayer' typifies this—"God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change; courage to change the things I can; and wisdom to know the difference". It follows, therefore, that each member's opinions or beliefs are respected and no one does more than make helpful suggestions or give advice. No hard and fast rules are laid down as to how to make the program, aside from the following of the twelve suggested steps.

God enters A.A. in step three, but it is emphasized that it is 'God as we understand him'. For example: a man may believe and understand that the 'sun' is God. His belief is respected.

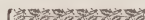
The anonymous part of A.A. is intended for those who wish to keep

secret from the world the fact they are addicted to alcohol. Its anonymous status also was adopted because it was decided that the organization should never participate in controversial matters nor endorse business or personal ideas, questions or products.

A.A. works miracles for more than an estimated 200,000 members. It works for the 'ex-con', business man, minister, ex-bum, and millionaire.

Our old sponsor, Art H., frequently repeated to our group that any prisoner who lives the A.A. way of life when released will never return to prison. And when you get A.A. you have something worth clinging to—also, when A.A. gets you it will never let you loose or let you down.

If you have an alcoholic problem, drop into an A.A. meeting. You can only win by doing so—you can't lose.



"BE STRONG"

Be Strong

"We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be Strong

Say not the days are evil—Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be Strong

It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong;
How hard the battle goes, the day, how long.
Faint not, fight on! Tomorrow comes the song."

Author Unknown—

POETS' CORNER

The debt to Society

Tomorrow is the "Big Day"
That I've been waiting for!
When I throw off all my shackles
And begin to live once more.

My incarceration is finished,
My debt in time has been paid;
Now I must face society,
With the new laid plans I've made.

I'll take my meager earnings
And hit the road once more;
I'll try to readjust myself,
That—is my biggest chore.

How will my friends receive me?
Or have I any yet?
Those who were friends, before I fell,
May not forget my debt.

Yes, tomorrow is my "Big Day"
When I'm released from here;
But how long will the brand last,
From the debt I paid—in years!

H. Firby



IS

ANYONE INTERESTED?

By S. C. Smith

Men come into this institution and men leave, after supposedly atoning for their sins against society. Some of them never return, to this institution anyways. More often than not they do return here. Some of them keep on doing so. I've seen them come and go; in fact, in my job here, I'm probably one of the last inmates to come into close contact with them the morning they leave. Not one leaves but what the thought runs through my head, "Just what are you thinking about Mac?" Some of them are apparently outwardly calm; inwardly they are on the verge of nervous hysteria. Some of them cannot hide their nervousness. According to routine here, a man leaving on discharge must take his footwear and other personal items to the place where he must change his prison clothing for discharge clothing, I, in turn take his mattress and other cell furnishings to a storeroom for future use. To give you an idea of how nervous a man can be on the morning of discharge, just the other day one young fellow (shaking like a leaf) handed me his footwear and other personal items, picked up his mattress and took off leaving me standing there. I finally persuaded him that he was the guy who was leaving, not me. What am I getting at? Just this.

I have no doubt but that every man leaving here is worried sick over just what the future holds in store. And well he might. If he is married his troubles are twofold. Sure, he's been interviewed by sundry officials whose job it is to try to arrange things for him on discharge, but after listening to some of the stories of men who are repeaters, one cannot blame him for worrying.

I have been through this process; I'm just about due to go through it again. I, for one, realize that my worries will start only from the moment I leave the front gate of this institution, and that applies to everyone leaving here. Everyone leaves this place with good intentions. The main trouble seems to lie in the fact that a person cannot eat good intentions. Soon after leaving, all too soon in fact, the few dollars you received on discharge are gone. If you have no home, which happens in a goodly number of cases,

you become hungry, because apparently a man's stomach is not influenced by good intentions. When a man starts to lose sight of where his next meal might be, he also starts to lose sight of some of those aforementioned good intentions.

Sure, one can go to the Employment Office; a lot of men do that. You can apply for a job, but I for one am not gullible enough to believe that an ex-convict will receive preference over a legitimate citizen, who, strange as it may seem, is also looking for a job. Mind you, I'm not crying the blues, I'm stating facts, not pleasant facts, I'll admit.

In a few cases, men have been fortunate enough to obtain employment practically as soon as they have been released, and I'm not using the term "fortunate" loosely. Having gone through it myself, I state here and now that a man must start work immediately, if he is going to start at all. This applies to everyone, but especially repeaters. I am of the considered opinion that a man's resistance is lowered with each time he repeats, until unconsciously he becomes institutionalized to the extent that it's a matter of indifference to him whether he is in or out. True, he'll resist or try to resist arrest and confinement, but after he's confined he'll sink into a lethargic state and patiently wait for the next session of freedom. It's a tragic state of affairs but it's so true.

I thought of this today as some newcomers arrived here to begin their sentences. Some of them are young, very young. One of them began his

present incarceration serving a thirty day sentence for riding a freight, a heinous offence if I ever heard of one. He was sent to a prison farm to serve his thirty days. There, he and three other fellows took off for parts unknown, without permission, it may be added. On their way they stole a car. They were eventually apprehended and subsequently sentenced to serve two years in the penitentiary. I wonder if that young fellow, as he climbed aboard that freight, realized just how long a ride he was taking? I'm sure he would have smartly stepped off said freight if he could have foreseen the consequences. But he didn't, he climbed aboard, just as thousands of our now respected citizens did in the "thirties" during the depression. In those days the railroad authorities, in most cases, would only chase you off the train. Could not the judge, who sentenced this boy, have thought back to all this and in some way tried to look to the future and attempt to bring out what good there was in this lad? I venture to state it's too late now.

I feel that a man must put forward an extra effort, if in fact he is sincere in his desire to remain outside when released. There are people who would help him if they knew about him. They don't know. No one knows except the man's family and, if as I said before, he has no family, he's really got a fight on his hands. No family means no home and no home means loneliness and that word "loneliness" is one of the biggest factors which face a man on release. Nowhere to go? Can he lock

himself in a room? He can, as long as his money holds out. Eventually, knowing no one, broke, craving company, he turns to where he'll be accepted on even terms. Where is that? Right amongst people like himself—other lonely people who band together in what has been erroneously referred to as “the underworld.” From there he is but a step away from repeating. I make this statement in all sincerity. I've been through it. However, to be honest, I must admit that previously I didn't give it too much effort.

Something has got to be done, at least if certain reformists and lawmakers are sincere in their “stated” efforts towards combatting the repeater problem.

A man must have somewhere to go when leaving here. Someone to turn to if he feels he needs advice or help. A group must be set up to do just this, someone interested enough to give a little time or whatever a person needs to tide him over the critical period. If a job can be found, all the better—and the sooner the better. However, it isn't all onesided; the dischargée must want to change his way of life before he can be helped. I feel that if a man wants something

bad enough to reach out for it legitimately, someone should be there if needed. I state flatly without fear of contradiction that at present there's nowhere, absolutely nowhere a man can go for help. We don't want charity and above all we certainly don't want to be treated like beggars. We need help only if people feel we deserve it, and we must try to prove we do.

As I said before, I've been through it before. I know what I'm talking about. Previously I didn't try too hard; some of us apparently have to learn the hard way. But right now I'm sick of this place and all it represents. I'm weary of institutions of any kind. There are many other fellows like me. On Oct. 20th., I'll once again be going through the gate. Oct. 20th. looms very large to me right now. Like a lot of fellows who have left here, my intentions are good. My wants are not too many. I just want to stay the hell out of here. There'll be lots of fellows leaving here. They are going to require all the encouragement and help anyone can give them. It's about time something was done. Is anyone interested?



Could this be an ECHO writer?

Author—“Well, sir, the upshot of it was that it took me ten years to discover that I had absolutely no talent for writing.”

Friend—“You gave up?”

Author—“Oh, no! by that time I was too swell-headed!”

FOR MUSIC HATH CHARMS
TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BREAST—



The history of
MUSIC
at the Mountain



By Slim Beauchamp

A little more than two years ago, Rev. McNeill, our Protestant Chaplain, gathered a few fellows together who were interested in music and were willing to learn not only music, but how to play an instrument also. For months, Rev. McNeill gave up his time during noon hour to teach the fellows the rudiments of music. Three days a week practices were held during noon hour in one of the school classrooms.

After many such practices—along with the accompanying squeaks and squawks—the group slowly began to shape up into something that resembled a brass band, and they could play a few marches quite well. For over a year and a half, the fellows studied in their cells at night also—learning the proper fingerings of their particular instrument, silently—until the pupils were on a par with their teacher. At this point a call for help was sent to Mr. Ryckman, one of the instructors here in the institution.

Mr. Ryckman, a pianist well-versed in music, was only too glad to assist, and gave generously of his time and knowledge. He, along with Rev. McNeill, will always be remembered as the founders of the original band. The boys became very proficient under their tutelage.

Then, there came a succession of inmates as the leader. The knowledge they imparted may have been limited, but their honesty and sincerity to help more than made up



for their musical shortcomings, and a lot of thanks is owed these guys.

After this succession of inmate leaders, there came Mr. Cawston, the present P.T. Instructor at Stony Mountain, who is not only an accomplished trombonist, but also a band leader. At last the boys had what they had long waited for, an experienced leader and musician! With a qualified man in charge to direct them, the band was confident they would succeed in their efforts to produce the finest music and so reach their goal.

For a while, the band did progress. Last Christmas, they played at the concert and some of the fellows were surprised at the improvement the orchestra already were showing. But, from then on, it went from bad to worse until today, only eight or nine chaps are still seriously interested in continuing. It is this small group that deserve mention for their unwavering determination to succeed despite the odds against them. All their exercise periods—and any other spare time they can manage—are spent as all true musicians spend them—practice, practice, practice—improve, forever improve.

Here's the fellows still plugging:

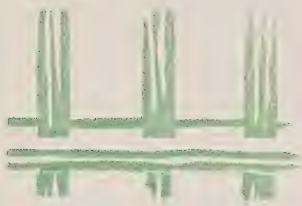
1st. Alto sax, Slim Beauchamp: 2nd Tenor Sax, Pete Zegil: 3rd. Alto Sax, Don Evenson: the three of them doubling on clarinet. Fred Wallis, Trombone: Claude Jubainville, Trumpet: Paul Cousineau 2nd Trumpet: Drums, Bob Alberts: Guitar, Gerald Zoppa. The fact that these fellows have spent the last couple of months in a small room with all the windows and the door closed, on some of our hottest days, should be ample proof of the meaning music has for them. Correcting each other's faults is a distasteful chore but, with no leader they have to improvise.



If they manage to secure a competent leader, there is no foretelling to what heights our local tune-smiths will rise to. They also have a dire need of some orchestrations. Appeals for help in this direction have been unanswered so far, but the group is firm in their belief that someone will come through for them soon and relieve that headache.

So that just about does it up concerning the band. They've had to struggle to merit the label "musician" that is their rightful tag today. May their future as such be more lenient and allow them a few hours for total relaxation. For one thing is sure. With practice, a leader, and some orchestrations, the band is quite capable of doing a regular radio program of their own that would be hard to beat. ★





ROOMIN' IN THE *Gloom Inn*

Hi pal, let's see if our names appear this month—Dick Williams is still talking about the nice nurses and great treatment he received during his recent serious operation in a Winnipeg hospital—Bruce Kelly is always solicitous of your health when you visit him in the kitchen and will even get you a cup of water—Yvon Caron says he never wants his name to appear here so it won't—Chuck Pritchard is keeping pretty close to the rads now that the steam has been turned on—Joe Coe is fortunate to have his grandfather work in the shoe shop with him—Ol' Bill Prest figures it'll be a cold winter as he gets his yard-shack ready for it—Don Ross insists there's no such thing as a 34 by 7 tire—Joe Prokopski is going to do a solo on his sax at the next meeting of the Ku Klux Klan—Eddie Bernard was seen wearing 3 pairs of pants, 4 sweaters and 5 pairs of socks so it's a sure sign of Indian summer—Louis Bilcowski still hopes for more mail from his family—Guy Raymond is all ready for his last winter of hockey—Mickey Lacey sent a couple of *Echo* subs. Fort William way which we hope they'll all enjoy—Jack Wannop hasn't had a chance to demonstrate his weight-lifting technique as yet—Satisfied pal? Hunh, not yet? Ah, well, let's continue—Cliff Orr is busy as a beaver working on his leathercraft hobby—Bill Reitch actually runs for his tray whenever beans are on the line—Johnny George is starting to look at the calendar with interest—Elmer O'Grady can out-talk and out-question anybody here—Paddy Gaumond wonders how all his old friends are at St. Vince—Teddy Horbas claims even a lunch bucket can't be as bad as this—Sammy Littmans' vision has improved so much lately that he can now see his own feet—Johnny Germaine came thru like a real Champ and outthit everyone in the league softball finals—"Hazel" Parisienne is getting the winter ensemble ready—Sam Sedan is the hobbycraft order-man now that Houseys' gone—Johnny Humicky made sure his Missus would receive the *Echoes* for another year—"Pappy" Ruck doing the same thing for his sister—"Fat Mike" doesn't walk nowadays, he waddles—Art Nabiss denies that his customers resemble patch-work quilts when he's finished cutting their hair—Oh, for crying out loud! It can't be helped, pal, they ran out of type with your name on it, so you'll be another month shorter on your bit when you do make it.



Things I'd

By S. C. Smith

like to see

Some good Samaritans donate a television set to the old-timers and lifers, who do not participate in any sport, so they might enjoy their recreational periods.

Jack Jacobs back in Bomber uniform throwing those pay-off passes.

The character who wrote these words, quote: "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," unquote, pay a short visit to this "Vale of Tears" some time and then get out his eraser.

The envious become the envied, the hater become the hated, and swallow some of their own abuse—until they're saturated.

The Toronto Argonauts swim Lake Ontario because according to "Homer" Wallis, that's the only thing they haven't accomplished.

Someone inform those Vancouver Lions' football fans that while twenty-eight thousand people at a game is a large crowd, twenty-seven thousand of them are investigating the police force.

The public grant as much recognition to adults attempting to combat Juvenile Delinquency as they do to marathon swimmers.

A lawn so green, a tree or two,
Some chairs placed in the shade;
For the guys who'll never leave here,
Whose debt is never paid!

The wise-acres who say that after repeated visits, a man is not bothered too much by his short-time, take gas!

Pat Evans be informed that one doesn't have to be so realistic when sent out on a "sleeper" play on the football field; snoring is a dead give-away.

A second blood test be given all new arrivals six months after admittance, for their own protection.

Someone gently explain to Bruno, "The Toy Bulldog," that covering a receiver on the football field, does not necessarily mean you have to beat him into insensibility.

Less said and more done by everyone?

SOUNDS LOGICAL, ANYWAY

An intoxicated gentleman asked a pedestrian, "I shay, which ish the other shide of the shstreet?"

"Why, over there," was the answer.

"Shtrange. I was jus' over there an' a gen'l'm'n shaid it wash over here."

WITH THE

GIANTS

By R. Beach

The double-header of Sunday, Sept 25th, saw the close of the Mercantile League, with City Champs, Carter Motors, squaring off against the S.M. Giants, first-place team in their section of the league. The team's split.

R H E

Carter Motors	2	4	2	Pucci and Brooks
S.M. Giants	6	8	1	McLean and Ceretti
S.M. Giants	8	5	4	Mitchell(2) McLean and Ceretti
Carter Motors	9	10	5	Pucci and A. Lester

This season saw a powerful Giant team end with a 35 won—10 lost record (includes all games), and have the largest staff of pitchers during all the years of Giant playing.

A roster of the players includes:

H. Ceretti, coach, catcher, leading batter with 41 hits in 107 AB in 35 games for a .383 av. Hank was also unanimously elected as All-Star catcher of the Merc. League, but present commitments kept him from attending the All-Star game.

N. Hanlon, .330 av.—for the better part of the season 1st. baseman and one of the leading sacrifice hitters in the league, also ranked high in RBI. Probably the best 1st. sacker the Giants' ever had, he finished the season playing second base in place of

J. Crane, a starry defensive ball player, though fairly mild at the plate batting a mild .245. Jerry was pressed in to duty when

Larry, one of the original Giants' and a good 2nd. baseman, was sidelined with a hand injury which terminated his ballplaying career.

P. Pitre, .374 av.—in the shortstop position, one of the best. A conscientious ballplayer, he loved hitting homers when the bases were somewhat all occupied with other Giant players. Pit was lead-off batter all season.

R. Aimoe, .254 av.—show us a better 3rd baseman anywhere. The harder the hit, the better he handled it; a heady player, he always came up with that 'crucial' catch to bog down the opponents, or scored the winning run.

R. Alberts, .309 av.—which does not truly show his worth. Bob robbed more batters of what seemed sure hits than any other player. His bat could always be counted on to move players on base, and he hit many a much-needed homer. All centerfield was his stamping ground.

S. Bolonchuk and A. Proulx, leftfielders, also turned in admirable performances.

F. Berrigan, .375 av.—sidelined at the end with an injury, kept rightfield under strict control, and was a good place-hitter. His place was taken by J. Crane when Norm Hanlon moved to second to make way for

M. St. Gelais, who came in near the end of the season to take over 1st. base and he played as if he owned it. A little bit of a showman, he swung a heavy bat, driving many a long ball.

Tony Baratta, utility catcher and 1st. baseman. Tony always had to be ready for each game and was very dependable when called upon. His av. for the games he got into was .333.

A. Ruck, assistant coach, and parttime rightfielder; he handled the third-base coaching box while V. Maresse took care of the first-base coaching chores, and sometimes really accentuated some of Ol' Pappy's signals.

Pitching staff was made up of "Dry Socket" Mitchell, Scotty McLean and Bernie; these three sticking the season out and bearing the brunt of the load, while Thomas and Cadotte both pitched a few games.

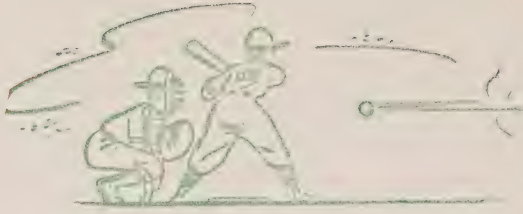
The lion's share of the umping was done by Irish Perreault calling the balls and strikes and drawing the crowds' and players' boos; Ralph Raccio, handling the 1st. base calls, and "Bouch" Boucher, who looked after all plays in the 2nd-3rd base area. They turned in good steady performances, and to them should go a vote of thanks by all players.

The end of the season sees the end of another saga of Giant playing, and it is probable that next year will find the team in need of replacing almost every player as many have one foot out the door now. The end of the season once again found H. Ceretti cop the batting championship, to add to his prestige as one of the 'Mountains' best athletes.

Mr. Ed. Bailey, Pres. of the Winnipeg Mercantile Fastball League, who attended the final games and presented some of the boys with souvenir gifts, was asked if he had anything to say for the fans and Echoes' readers alike. Here's his message:

"The Stony Mountain Giants' are rated as equal to the top team in our league. We are sorry that due to the situation of the teams involved, it is not possible that a best four-in-seven series, home and away games, can be played—as all final games are done. However, even though the Giants have never played 'outside', their name and fame is a by-word amongst ball teams in Wpg. Players such as Hank Ceretti, Scotty McLean, Norm Hanlon and Bob Alberts are considered as tops in the entire league. And the Giants' third-baseman, Roy Aimoe, definitely is a real ballplayer. The others on the club may not be such stars, but they all play good steady ball. It has been a real pleasure coming out here to play against these fellows and we hope the boys have enjoyed our company. Thank everyone connected with our visits and let's look forward to the future."

To which we can only add: Thank you, Mr. Ed Bailey, and every member of the Winnipeg Mercantile Fastball League.



By

J. Germaine and J. Beauchamp

The play-offs are over, and as expected by most ball fans, the Yanks triumphed without too much trouble taking the series 4-1. The Leafs put on one of their poorest showings at a time when it hurt them the most. Not once did they display the same spirit and ability that carried them into the finals.

The Yanks, who were a powerhouse all season, wasted no time or effort and backed strong hitting up with strong fielding and pitching support. Consistant hitting by Johnson, Reinboldt and Chaboyer was a nightmare to the Leaf hurler. Boyd and Franche, Yanks' pitcher and catcher respectively, operated as a champion battery should, while gathering their share of hits at the plate. The infield play of Johnson, Dufrane, Reinboldt and Hunt never showed to better advantage. Chaboyer, Raccio and Germaine (★) were at their very best and turned many a sure extra-base hit into an easy out. Coach Hanlon, assisted capably by Kyle, rates credit and praise for his patience and wisdom, and his ball club repaid his efforts by winning the championship.

Though the Leafs lost, credit must be given coach Provost and Crane,

his assistant, for the encouragement and aid they dispensed to their players, and for cheering them on even while losing.

Bulloch, Yanks' hurler, was the mainstay of the club and worked his heart out in every game. St. Gelais, a latecomer, was a great asset to the team. The club's youngsters, Sherbo, Morsette and Naugler, pulled off scores of put-outs and Sherbo ended the series as the Leafs' top batter. Gillis, Lexier, Benham and Schaf never quit trying and gave their opponents many anxious moments. This Gillis, with his lively chatter, is a great competitor.

That just about does it regarding the "A" League. The new champs Yanks, are to be congratulated for their fine performance. May we wish them as much success for the future as they have had this summer.

(★) **Ed's note:**

It is interesting to note that none other than our own Johnny Germaine was the top man at bat for either team. He alternated between right-field and 1st. base for the Yanks and was by far the best player throughout the series. He's too modest to mention this, but the omission was noted. We're proud of you, Johnny!

The "B" league Yanks handed their opposition the same kind of treatment that their "A" league cousins dished out, in the same number of games, too, winning their series 4-1.

Finishing the regular schedule in second place, the Yanks weren't even extended as they knocked off the league-leading Dodgers. Coached by Roy Aimoe (who never seemed to doubt his team's ability) this outfit outplayed the Dodgers by a wide margin. Standout playing by Zimmer, Andrusko and Bodnarchuk proved fatal to their foes both afield and at bat. Mickey, the hurler, taking all the time in the world, and backed by Lanthier, Bartellette, Matchette and G. Brown, was in fine form and kept the odd hits he allowed evenly spaced. A good win for a good team, it was a popular victory.

Coach Scotty McLean, who had his Dodgers on top as the season ended, couldn't get his club up to play-off competition form or spirit. At times the Dodgers seemed to be disorganized and the old hustle and bustle was missing. Good playing by Lavallee, Sawchuk, Bevan, Dubroy and McDonald kept the Yanks from making a runaway of it however, while Lavery, Grenier, Seliski, and Mitchell also tried to make a fight of it. It was a good series to watch and the fans enjoyed each game.

Before closing, it is only fair to thank the men who made possible the many games that were played hereabouts. By this, we refer to the umpires, that small but efficient

group of fellows who take all the abuse yet deserve so much of the praise for softball's popularity. To Bernhardt, Mitchell, Francoeur, Chudzik, Baratta, Ceretti, Moisan and Lexier, our congratulations for a hard job well done!

To Labelle and Clark, the scorekeepers, a tip of the hat.

And finally, to the groundkeepers, Humicky, Bulloch, Bolonchuk and Fox, thanks fellows for the wonderful condition of the playing fields for every game. May Santa Claus reward you.

Football schedule starts

As space does not permit, we can't go into details too much regarding football, the game that is currently occupying the sports' scene. Herman Schaf has been appointed Commissioner, and at this date has three teams operating. They are the Dodgers, under the guidance of Dizzy Hunt, the Rams with Stan Benninger in the driver's seat and Bucs, with Hank Ceretti at the helm. (Bucs' also have Pea-head Humicky assisting, so this should be one halva season for football!). We will be able to give the data and line-ups in our next issue, so until then, it's a good buy, sports.

Standings to Sept 17th.

	P	W	L	T	Pts
Dodgers	4	3	0	1	7
Rams	4	1	2	1	3
Bucs	4	1	3	0	2

PENAL ECHO-ETTES



By S. C. Smith

Pen-O-Rama;—Liked “Jealousy Tango—In prison” by Jean Brunet. It covers a situation which exists in every institution the world over. As Jean so aptly put it, “to be in prison is already a sufficient misfortune.” I see my favorite softball hurler, Rene, is still striking them out left and right. Here and now I wish to correct a wrong impression I may have given the boys of your institution. LeBoeuf still has some hair, around the sides.

Hawkeye;—Your August issue a good one. Good articles, good fiction. Thank you for the congrats. Re-our ball team's entry in the league. We are now in the finals for the title.

The Calvert Courier;—Your July-August editorial was a dandy. “An example for who?” is so true in every word. Law dispensers would be well advised to read this.

Agricola;—Your August editorial, Duke, is well done. This topic as written here should be supplied as reading material for every prison inmate everywhere. Your whole issue very neat.

Island Lantern;—In your August issue, one Mike Sullivan tickled my ribs with his “I came under protest.” A sense of humor, I believe, is a necessity in one of these places and Mike surely possesses one. Should have more of this type of thing.

Note to all penal exchanges; For some few years now I've been perusing all your publications and attempting to voice my views on them. Come October I'll be leaving for the “lunch bucket route”. I sincerely want to thank all of you who have encouraged me in my literary attempts during my term on the staff of Mountain Echoes. So long and good luck.

The New Era-Leavenworth;—“To The Side Of Perfect Justice,” your editorial, mid-year issue, is well written and timely. Your whole issue, as usual, is good. You never seem to let down.

The Mirror-Minn.—“Lock-up Time” in your Aug. 4th. issue caught my eye. Grim, tragic, but oh, so true. The same story in every institution.



RELIGION

Protestant Church Activities

Rev. G. W. McNeill

CHURCH service 10 00 a.m. Sunday
CHOIR practice 10.30 a.m. Saturday
CITIZEN'S FORUM & Discussion Group 9—10.00 a.m. Sunday
Brigadier McGinnis, Salvation Army, conducts service first
Sunday in each month
Regular A.A. meeting 12—1.00 p.m. Wednesday
A special A.A. meeting is held on last Sunday of each month
Outside visitors are encouraged to visit the institution and
meet the local group
INTERVIEWS available every afternoon, Monday to Friday

Mr. Allen Caron—Organist & Choir Leader

Roman Catholic Church Activities

Father H. J. Bedford

MASS 8.30 a.m. Sunday
HIGH MASS once a month
CONFESSIONS heard before and during Mass
CHOIR practice after Mass on Sunday and one day a week
INTERVIEWS every afternoon except Wednesday
STUDY GROUP 1 00 p.m. Tuesday
CATHOLIC LIBRARY
Correspondence courses in English
Regular A.A. meeting 1.00 p.m. Sunday
CONFESSION every Saturday afternoon

May all people rejoice
and thank Him
for their blessings this
Thanksgiving Day
